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NANCY.

AN IDYL OF THE KITCHEN.

In brown holland apron she stood in the kitchen.
Her sleeves were rolled up, and her cheeks all aglow;
Her hair was coiled neatly; when I, indifferently,
Stood watching while Nancy stands kneading the dough.
Now, who could be neater, or brighter, or sweeter,
Or who hum a song so delightfully low,
Or who look so slender, so graceful, so tender,
As Nancy, sweet Nancy, while kneading the dough?
How deftly she pressed it, and squeezed it, and caressed it,
And twisted and turned it, now quick and now slow.
Ah, me, but that madness, I've paid for in sadness!
'Twas my heart she was kneading as well as the dough.
At last, when she turned for her pan to the dresser,
She saw me and blushed, and said shyly, "Please, go."
Or my head I'll be spoiling, in spite of my tidings.
If you stand here and watch while I'm kneading the dough."
I begged for permission to stay. She'd not listen;
The sweet little tyrant said, "No, sir! no no!"
Yet when I had finished on being thus banished,
My heart said with Nancy while kneading the dough.
I'm dreaming, sweet Nancy, and see you in fancy,
Your heart, love, has softened and pined my woe,
And we, dear, are rich in a dainty wee kitchen
Where Nancy, my Nancy, stands kneading the dough.
—John A. Fraser, Jr., in the Century.

Joe's Treat.

HOW SANTA CLAUS APPEARED TO MASTER JOE AND MISS SIS ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

It was Christmas Eve and crowds of busy buyers and pleasure-seekers thronged Avenue A. Among them might have been seen a boy of perhaps ten years and a girl some three years his junior, who were evidently bent upon a very important errand, if one could judge by the number of times they paused and consulted, the look of earnestness deepening in their faces. Good faces they were, too, as if little soiled. The boy's frank and honest, with a merry twinkle in each dark eye, whilst the girl's blue ones were an innocent, wistful expression. She would have been quite pretty if it had not been for the sickly color of her skin, the wasted look of her cheeks, and the matted locks which only needed soap and water to render them soft and golden. A straw bonnet, a portion of the trim missing, on account of its being several sizes too large, gave the child constant employment trying to keep it on. Its counterpart in the shape of a hat covered the curly head of her companion, whose pants could have easily held another boy.

Presently they paused before a large store with its window filled with cakes. Square cakes, round cakes, frosted cakes, cakes with snow-white towers and cunning sugar cupids, cakes large and small, yellow with eggs or black with fruit. As the children stood gazing at the rich display an old gentleman passed, turned and retraced his steps, and also took his stand before the cake window. Even then his kindly face was lit up by a smile and some remark of the children's reached his ears.

At last the important question seemed decided, for the boy, with a nod and some words, "You jest wait here, Sis," made his way into the store. It was crowded, so he had to wait his turn, while the girl pressed her eager little face tightly against the window pane, tiptoeing on her small, bare toes in excitement. There was quite a pretty flush on the child's delicate cheeks when the boy reappeared with a small parcel in his hand, and she exclaimed eagerly:

"Did you get it?"
"You bet was the answer, followed by a long-drawn-out 'Oh!' from the little girl as they made their way along the avenue, the old gentleman close behind them. After a while they turned into a side street and bent their steps toward a vacant lot, half shut in by a brick wall and littered over with old packing-cases, bits of tarpaulin and refuse.

"Is it a nice place where you live?" questioned the girl, as her companion piloted her over barrel hoops and old crockery. A sunny look twinkled in the boy's eyes as he answered:

"Well, Sis, it ain't exactly what you'd call a brown-stone front; it's more, more on the Oscar Wilde style."
"What's that?" and the little girl's eyes opened to their widest extent.

"That's a kinder style as is made up of old things as was chucked away as no good to nobody." Then he added:

"Here we are; Jess hold on a minute till I light the chandelier, or you might knock your head agin the froscing."

A snarl of sulphur, then the faint glimmer of a candle showed the outline of a large packing-case, partially covered with pieces of tarpaulin. Drawing one of these pieces aside, the boy bade his companion enter, adding:

"Sit down, Sis, till I git the fire a-goin'; you're company, you know."
Obeying orders, Sis seated herself on an upturned butter-tub and gazed inquiringly around. The packing case within which she sat stood lengthwise, a hole in its side being concealed by a curtain of sail cloth, the other side wall and part of front were composed of pieces of tarpaulin, propped up by old broom handles and one bent iron staple. At the rear stood a high brick wall. Adorning the packing case's sides were a part of a circus poster, a Sunday school card and a colored lithograph.

By the time Sis had finished her inspection the fire, which consisted of

charred coal and odds and ends of wood, was lit. It was built upon the ground, under a convenient air-hole, so the smoke was not so bad as it might have been. Then Sis produced a bundle that she had hugged carefully under her arm during the long walk. Unrolling the old apron that was wrapped around it, she disclosed to view a small battered coffee-pot, about an ounce of coffee and a tiny package of brown sugar, observing, with a little wistful gesture:

"I knowed very well that a boy wouldn't never think of that; so I begged Mrs. Dike to give me the coffee pot. Isn't it nice, Joe? and she was a goin' to throw it away and I got the coffee of a woman, as I minds her baby sometimes instead of the penny, and a real nice grocery man let me scrape out a sugar barrel."

Here, all out of breath at such a long speech for her, Sis made the coffee and sat it triumphantly upon the fire to boil, Joe exclaiming:

"Well, I'm blessed! we're a doing it right up to the handle!"

While Sis hovered round the fire, for fear of an unruly coal upsetting the cherished coffee-pot, Joe drew from some hidden resource a lemon and two lumps of sugar. After slicing the lemon he dropped it along with the sugar into a tomato can full of water, and having stirred the beverage with his pen-knife gravely licked the blade to see if it was all right. Then, as he turned the butter-tub into a table, covering it with a piece of sacking marked in large black letters, "This Side Up," he remarked:

"There isn't another feller as I'd invite to this air Christmas Eve shindy but you, Sis. There's lots of 'em as 'ud be glad to come; it isn't every day as they git such a treat."

"Oh, Joe, it's jess lovely," answered Sis, with an admiring glance at the spread that nearly resulted in the collapse of the coffee-pot, which took a notion just then to execute a dip.

And Joe himself began to feel rather proud of his treat when everything was set forth. There was an apple cut into four quarters and arranged upon a broken bit of a blue china plate, whilst an orange sliced into as many pieces as possible graced half of a wooden butter platter. The chief features, however, were a small plum cake and a ditto mince pie. The cake, placed upon the upturned bottom of a red collar-box, occupied the middle of the table, a tiny American flag stuck in its centre. The mince pie, flanked by two oyster shells, was for want of space consigned to the floor, while the candle flickered itself into little gullies down the sides of the ginger beer bottle that did duty as a candlestick, perhaps in its anxiety for the feast to begin.

Whether it should be a pie or a cake had been the important question, and they had at last split the difference by investing five of the ten cents in a cake and the other five in a pie.

It had been a large sum for Joe to spend in luxuries, not many tens fudging their way to his pocket; in fact, it was his last cent, but he was perfectly satisfied with the result and I do not believe there were two happier children in New York that night than they, when the coffee had been drunk to the last drop and pronounced "elegant" (an old oyster can serving for a cup), and the great event of the evening the cake was to be cut.

"Here, Sis, you sh cut it, women always does," and Joe shoved the penknife toward his companion and she, perfectly well aware of the importance of the occasion, knifed her little brow and measured off the cake exactly with her finger before placing the knife to it.

"Hold on, Sis, till I make a speech." [This as was about to help to the dessert.] "It's always done when they brings on the pie and cake." So saying Joe refilled the oyster shells with lemonade, and having placed the tattered remains of his hat firmly upon the back of his head, he struck an attitude that drew from Sis's lips a long drawn oh! and began with:

"Ladies and gentlemen—
"Why, Joe, there ain't none—there's only me and you," interrupted Sis.
"It don't make no odds, they always say if there ain't no rich 'round," and Joe with, "Don't bother," continued with:

"We've met together at this air treat; now, Sis (this in an aside), you must say, Hear, hear," which order Sis, her blue eyes full of astonishment at this new accomplishment in her friend, meekly obeyed; Joe continued with:

"Which is an out and outer, if I do say it myself, and—ah—here Joe stirred the lemonade, but not fudging an idea there, burst out with, 'Oh, I'll cut it short; here's a jolly Christmas and—'

"A big hunk of pudding." Dropping into his seat upon the floor he addressed, patronizingly: "Now, Sis, you must make a speech, too."

"Oh, I couldn't, Joe," exclaimed the little girl.

"Yes, you can, too—it's easy enough. Tilly did at Jim's party, and she ain't half as pretty as you be," replied Joe, encouragingly.

"Did she?" answered Sis. "Then, perhaps—I'll try if you promise not to laugh."

"All right, go ahead. Here take a sip of lemonade; it will sort of put the pink inter yer," and Joe pushed the tomato can toward her.

Rising and shaking out her little worn dress, Sis placed her arms akimbo. She remembered seeing a woman doing it once, who was talking to a big crowd.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Sis, "I am so very much glad that I was invited to this beauteous-fol treat, with such a love-ly plum cake, I hopes Joe will have one next Christmas Eve."

"Hear! hear!" called out Joe; there-by causing Sis, in her confusion, to add hurriedly:

"Many happy returns of the day, amen."
"Hurry!" shouted Joe, "it's better nor Tilly's ten times," at which Sis, her thoughts, blushing with pleasure and feeling, perhaps, the least speech puffed up at her success. Poor little wail, it was something new for her to receive praise.

The speeches having been given to their entire satisfaction, Joe felt his duty as host somewhat relaxed and, leaning back against the side of the packing case, he remarked, carelessly:

"What do you think of my pictures, Sis?"

"They're jess love-ly, Joe; where did you get 'em?" replied Sis, trying to sip the lemonade from her oyster shell, just as she had seen ladies of her acquaintance take their sippers full of tea.

"Oh, I picked 'em up 'round about. Was you ever at a circus, Sis?"

"No," and seeing that she had rather fallen in Joe's estimation at this confession she hastily added, "But I was to Moody's and Sankey's out." This was not producing exactly the effect she expected, she continued with:

"Do you believe in Santa Claus, Joe?"

"What? The feller what comes down chimney and sich rubbish? Do you think as I've got anything soft about me?" Then, catching the look of disappointment on the girl's face, he hastily added: "Maybe there's something in it for girls."

"Oh, I wish there was," exclaimed Sis, tucking up her little bare toes beneath her skirt, for, although it was rather a mild night for that time of year, still, now the fire was dying out and the feast fast disappearing, the cold air began to make itself felt.

"I don't 'pose Santa Claus has much time to bother about sich a shabby little girl as me, but I'd like a really, really doll," and the child's eyes shone with such a happy light at the bare thought that some one outside the packing-case came very near betraying himself.

"And," continued the girl, "I'd want him to bring you sich a lot of things—a love-ly big cake." Then, thinking that perhaps she was reflecting upon the smallness of the one they had just eaten, she quickly added: "But it couldn't be beautiful nor your'n."

"Why, Sis, I say, what's the matter? you've got rich cheeks and—"

"Have I?" and Sis's little brown hand went up to her face at Joe's words, as she continued with—"perhaps it's the lemonade."

"Cracky! what's that?" and Joe gazed open-eyed at a folded piece of paper that had fallen from the sky, as it appeared to him, right into his lap. "If it's any of them boys," he ejaculated, jumping up, "I'll put a head on 'em."

"Oh, Joe, look here, there's writing on it, maybe, oh I maybe it's from Santa Claus," exclaimed Sis.

Although Joe muttered "fiddlesticks," his eyes were round with astonishment when he read on the paper: "For Master Joe and Miss Sis," and on opening it found a fifty-cent piece and more writing, or rather printed letters, which read:

"Santa Claus is very sorry that he had nothing left to give Joe and Sis to-night, but if they will be at packing-case home to-morrow morning at ten, some one will be there to take them to a friend of Santa Claus, where perhaps there will be a really doll and a beautiful cake."

"Well, I'm blessed," was all Joe could utter, while Sis, clapping her hands with delight, cried out:

"Oh, Joe, I knowed there was a Santa Claus. Isn't he good? Jess think, he calls this packing-case house; how funny."

"Well," answered Joe, "there's the money and there's the letter, and it does look queer."

"You'd be here, Joe, won't you?" questioned Sis, a little anxiously.

"Yes, I guess so; I don't know of any other appointment to hinder," replied Joe, with a grin, who was rapidly re-covering his usual manner, and, after a moment's thought, he continued with:

"I tell you what, Sis: We'll get Mother Maak to put us up to-night. We'll have jolly good beds for once and a breakfast that'll make your mouth water. Come along." So saying, Joe blew out the light and deposited the candle in his pocket, while Sis, tying her bonnet strings, followed him forth into the night, casting a half-suspicious look around for the kind Santa Claus who had not forgotten them. Thus, together they pass out from the vacant lot, full of bright anticipations of the morrow.

A year had come and gone since the night of Joe's treat and the very same store where Joe purchased his Christmas Eve cake was again full of choice dainties in that line, and the same old gentleman was there; but this time, instead of gazing in at the window, he was making his way inside, holding by the hand a pretty little girl, with sweet blue eyes and silky fair hair, hugging a lovely doll possessing a muff and a fur tippet, while accompanying them was a bright, intelligent-looking boy. Both children were neatly, even handsomely clad. All at once the little girl exclaimed excitedly:

"Oh! Uncle, there's the very same cake man as last year. See, Joe, there he is! I wonder if he'll know you?"

"Of course he won't, Sis, I've changed my tailor since then," and the boy's laughing eyes twinkled with fun, while the old gentleman chuckled until he was red in the face, and the two children had to put him on the back to keep him from choking.

"It must be a plum cake and big," was the little girl's order, and she had her way. Years after, when she grew up and had a nice home of her own, she used to tell her children about Joe's treat and how through it two of New York's little waifs found such a happy home.—FLORENCE REYNOLDS FORD.

IRREPRESSIBLE TRAMPS.

WHAT SHOULD BE DONE FOR THEIR SUPPRESSION.

A Daily Devolving upon Every Community—An Organized Police.

[From Harper's Weekly.]

The cruel and almost inconceivably forcible murder of Mrs. Maybree and her daughter in a little village of Long Island, and other equally mysterious murders which have lately shocked the community, have brought the problem of the "tramp" before the country in the most startling manner. Every one familiar with rural or village life can readily understand the conditions which make such deeds not only possible, but within not very long periods, almost certain. The scattered population, the isolated dwellings, the peaceful habits, the want of any organized or efficient police, with the existence of a class of wanderers, idle or half idle, and often criminal, spreading themselves over the country—these are the elements of the situation from which spring with considerable regularity petty thieving, outrage, assault, burglary, highway robbery, and murder, most of which go undetected and unpunished.

"Tramps," for the greater part, are recruited from city life. Their ranks are recruited from the vicious, the lazy, and the unfortunate, who, driven from the haunts of organized society and the police, become, as their characters and habits incline them, beggars, thieves, or criminals. The greater number are simply idlers, strolling from place to place, begging a dinner here, a breakfast there, a lodging in some outhouse, or sleeping a la belle étoile, and living on the pilferings of hen roosts or corn fields. These are merely the droves of the great human herd, who drag out in filth and disorder their miserable lives. But with these are the men of criminal instincts and habits, fired with brutal lust, hungry with the greed born of dissipation and drink, reckless of life, their own or others', and trained in the terrible school of self-indulgence of our large towns. Woe to those who may meet them in the lonely ways, or may extend to them the hand of charity! Their trail across the woods and fields is marked with crime too horrible to describe, in comparison with which murder itself is less terrible. And it is to one of these that the rustic household may at any moment be opened when the ragged costume, the unshaven face, the sun-burned hands, of the sturdy beggar appear at the door. It is with this element that society must make up its mind to deal.

The obvious weapon with which to deal with it is police force. The average village or country community will shrink from this. The suggestion to them means an organized force of blue-coats, with sergeants and captains, and the omniscient and generally useless detectives. But this is not necessary. What is needed is a small force of mounted men, young, active, alert, with just enough organization to enable them to act together, and enough discipline to secure fidelity. Their chief function would be prevention rather than either detection or arrest. Patrolling the country roads frequently and rapidly, keeping a constant watch on suspicious persons, appearing often in the more secluded and exposed places, they could soon make it extremely dangerous for the criminal classes. An intimate and familiar knowledge of all persons with legitimate occupation is easily acquired in country neighborhoods, and that solves one-half the difficulties of police work. A criminal is really far safer in the dense populations of the cities than he could be in a village with such an organization, since in the latter he would necessarily be a marked man, and could hardly move from point to point unobserved.

Such a force should be organized in every county, or it might with advantage be made a State force, outside of the larger cities. Its members should be carefully selected, with absolute freedom from political interference. They should serve for life, or as long as they were faithful and capable. They should have a graded increase in salary, or promotion, according to length of service and superior merit. They should be well mounted, uniformly and thoroughly instructed, and well officered. They should be pensioned for disability in the service, or on retirement for honorable cause, according to service. These requirements, which are of value in any force, would be essential in this, because of its peculiar nature, and the necessity of securing the best men at the most economical rates. Properly managed, such a force would practically put an end in a short time to the worst evils of which it is not entirely feasible. The fact that the tramp is practically unknown in the "tramp" and there is nothing in it the outer districts of New York city, some of which are as strictly rural as the heart of Long Island, is due to the mounted police of the city, and this could be applied in a modified form in every community.

DRY AND WET.—South Carolina has a local option law which applies to incorporated cities, towns and villages. When a place votes in favor of prohibition it is said to have gone "dry" and when another votes for license it is said to have gone "wet." More than twice as many towns have gone "dry" as have gone "wet."

RICH—Lord Overstone, who left a fortune variously estimated at from \$80,000,000 to \$100,000,000, of his daughter, wife of Colonel Lloyd Lindsay, was very pompous and so parsimonious that he would walk a mile to save a penny. His daughter is said to resemble him in the latter respect.

BEECHER'S BRIGHT THOUGHTS.

Some of the Plymouth Pastor's Sayings in a Sunday Discourse on Love.

Mr. Beecher, at Plymouth Church, took as his text, John xx., 9-10. The passages describe the haste of Peter and John to the sepulchre after Christ had risen. In the course of his sermon he gave utterance to the following:

"John and Peter raced! That was a grand and glorious race to the sepulchre. Well, now you would bet on Peter, every one of you. John was a very modest man, but he cannot forget to put in that no mythical man would ever have put in, that 'the other disciple outran Peter.'"

"Peter loved; John loved. John loved with reflective power, Peter with motive. That makes a very great difference. Peter's zeal was not fed from the head; it was the impulse of blood. John was a passionate man, but reflection grew with him as action tended to grow with Peter, and he lived more and more an inward life than Peter."

"The power of one common love and reflection best love and impulse. So it has been ever since. Not that love and impulse are bad; not that either of them should exist alone; but if they are separated and divided to the end of the world love and reflection will beat in actively, in large scope, love and blood impulse."

"There are multitudes of men who feel deeply, but feeling works inwardly, and the more powerfully they feel the less they are disposed to speak or to act. There are men who are like the strings of a harp; you cannot touch them that they do not answer back again instantly. Feeling works outwardly with them. There are many men who, under heat, boil and bubble and throw off the lid and overflow and put out the fire."

"When the potato was first carried to England they ate the tops. They didn't know that the real potato lay under the ground, hidden. There are a great many men whose graces grow on the top. They have no bottom roots at all. They are no development."

"The power of one common Church is that the loneliness of love brings together all these gifts and graces that are distributed through various personalities, and makes them one in the life of the Church."

"The men of divine, governmental sympathy and the men of human sympathy, and the Church needs them both."

"Schools in theology make themselves the arbiters of all God's decrees and all God's thought and admiration. The extreme schools judge everything by their tenet, and the lax schools judge everything by their tenet. There ain't one of you right, from the East to the West. You are all imperfect."

"In this life we are all fragmentary, and in no direction more than in moral government. In no direction are there more different lives of thought possible. You will sooner build a church that will hold all the population of the globe than you will build one that will hold all the varying beliefs."

"The law of unity is not the law of similarity. It is the law of love by which every man receives every other, and considers that variation from himself as a rich contribution to the unity and the grandeur of the whole, for the Church of Christ must represent the sum total of all that which God has revealed in this life and the varying dispositions of the men of the earth."

"If we must analyze, divide, separate, then of the two choose not deal, clamorous and full of exterior activity. Choose reflective love, not without activity, but more slow, more continuous, deeper, and that puts into the result of activity more of God."

"Now, take this one thought home. It is original—I mean it will be if you practice it in your life and in your home. Accept those around you in everything that is in accordance with love and reflection. Take them to yourself; take yourself to them. In your neighborhood, everywhere, thank God for the differences that are this side of wickedness. Every variation from you is an accretion to you if you will so accept it."

Transplanting Trees.

A writer in *Parm and Fireside*, in his directions respecting the treatment of trees before their removal, states as follows:

"A tree in full leaf may be compared to a powerful pump, the roots absorbing water from the soil, which is carried upward through the stem and exhaled through the leaves in the form of vapor. This exhalation from the leaves is really the primary operation, however, being simply a process of evaporation. If, now, the principal portions of the roots be cut away, and especially the fine rootlets which are farthest from the stem and through whose extremities nearly all the water is absorbed, the leaves, if allowed to grow, will exhaust the water from the stem and roots more rapidly than it can be supplied by the remnant of the latter, and the consequence will be the destruction of the tree. Hence, in transplanting trees the leaf-bearing twigs should be cut away in proportion to the loss of roots, and it should be remembered that the root surface is generally equal to that of the twigs; consequently the safest rule is to remove nearly all the branches, trimming to bare poles. It is hard to do this, but the after growth of the tree will be enough more rapid to compensate the apparent loss. In moving large trees it is an excellent plan to dig down and cut off a large portion of the roots a year before transplanting, removing a portion of the top at the same time. This will cause the formation of new rootlets near the stem, which may be preserved in the final transplanting."

He Swore Himself.

The San Francisco Chronicle says:—A Montana postmaster, who arranges the mails for the little town of Birney, lives eighty miles from a notary public. When he sent in his first quarterly return he administered the oath to himself and then certified to the correctness of the account. A reply soon came back from the red-tape headquarters in Washington that he had violated a sacred precedent and must get a notary to swear him. His resort was that he knew no precedent which would assure him mileage and traveling expenses for 100 miles in order to get a notary's signature. This left the department not a leg to stand upon and they have since preserved a discreet silence and allowed the Montana man to swear as he pleased.

AT THE YANDERBILT BALL.

The Brilliant Costumes of the Ladies who Attended.

Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt's costume, at the ball given by her, was made by Worth for the occasion, and was a marvelous combination of satin and brocade made with train and square neck, and trimmed with point lace. Her ornaments were diamonds, and consisted of necklace, with pendant, earrings, bracelets and pins, while a tiara of the same gems was worn in the coiffure, holding in place a cluster of ostrich tips.

Mrs. Seward Webb was attired in a dress with court train of red satin, brocade in gold and front of gold-colored satin veiled in point applique lace. The corsage was cut low, and her ornaments were diamonds. She carried a bouquet of yellow roses, lilacs and red carnations.

Mrs. William Sloane wore white. The train was of satin, brocade in silver, and the front was of plain satin covered with ruffles of dainty lace. The bodice was décolleté, and she wore diamond jewels.

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt's becoming toilet was of cream-colored brocade and satin, trimmed with duchesse lace, and her ornaments were diamonds.

Mrs. H. McK. Twombly wore pale blue satin and brocade on train and décolleté and trimmed with lace and with garniture of ostrich tips and roses.

Mrs. L. N. Phelps appeared in an elaborate toilet with train brocade in a design of velvet feathers on a silver ground. The front was covered with an embroidery of gay beads and marabout feathers. The bodice was cut low, and her ornaments were diamonds.

Mrs. Fanny Swan wore white silk on train, with front draped with silver-embroidered tulle. The corsage was cut square, and had sleeves of the tulle, and she wore a cluster of white ostrich tips and carried a bouquet of pink roses.

Miss Leavitt wore white tulle over silk on train, looped with clusters of daisies and grasses. The bodice was low and sleeveless.

Miss Emma Leavitt, the young lady in honor of whose entrance into society the large reception was given, was attired in white tulle over silk, trimmed with Marabout feathers and white lilacs. The skirt was made with long train and the corsage was décolleté. She carried a bouquet of white lilacs.

Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts wore a most elaborate toilet. The long court train of white satin was lined with plush, and the drapery of handsome point-applique lace fell in front over an embroidery of chenille and pearls. The bodice was low and sleeveless, and her ornaments were magnificent diamonds.

Miss Ludlow wore white tulle over satin made with long train striped in satin and with garniture of lilacs. The bodice was low and sleeveless.

Mrs. William Wetmore wore white satin on train with front covered with crystal embroidery and trimmed with feathers. The corsage was cut V-shape, both back and front, and trimmed with crystal and pearl fringe. She wore diamond jewels and carried a bouquet of Pride of Devonshire roses.

Mrs. Roosevelt wore white silver-embroidered tulle over silk on train, with corsage cut low and sleeves of lace. Her ornaments were pearls.

Mrs. Bishop was dressed in a rich black toilet. The train of satin was very long, and the whole was trimmed profusely with jet passementerie. The corsage was cut square, and had sleeves of lace. Her jewels were diamonds.

Miss Bishop wore white tulle over silk, caught up with daisies and grasses. The skirt was made on train and the waist décolleté.

Mrs. Julian James appeared in pink brocade satin in a design of magnolias on a pale-gray ground. The front was finished with an apron drapery of hand-some variegated jet falling over white tulle. The bodice was cut low and trimmed with the beads, and she carried a bouquet of pink roses.

A Prehistoric Race.

"All along the Pacific Coast," says a writer in the San Francisco Bulletin, "are to be found indelible traces of a long forgotten and prehistoric race. While the investigation has been of but comparatively recent date, still enough has been discovered to show that an almost limitless field has been so far only dipped into in a few places most easy of access to the explorer. As yet, these researches have been confined almost altogether to the immediate coast of Southern California and to the cluster of islands lying at a short distance therefrom, which are now almost or quite uninhabited, and are only used as ranges for sheep and half-wild cattle or hogs. They are known to have been densely populated in long ages past, as is shown by extensive remains in the shape of burial places and debris of former habitations. Large quantities of interesting relics have been exhumed and shipped to foreign colleges and museums at different times during the last decade."

Stay There.—An eccentric farmer living in Ohio had a flock of sheep that had not been shorn for six years. The wool has grown over their eyes and is so long that it drags on the ground. On being asked why he did not shear his sheep, Mr. Sellers replied, "God put the wool on their backs to stay there and keep them warm, and I do not propose to interfere." The flock is a great curiosity, and people come from miles around to see them. Mr. Sellers never shaves, cuts his hair or finger nails.

Darwinian theory: There is a boy in Northampton who "sprang from a monkey." The monkey belonged to an orphan grinder and attempted to bite the boy.

WIT AND WISDOM.

STEEPLES come high, but the churches must have them.
POLITICAL pressure always smells of a poor brand of whisky and a bad grade of plug tobacco.

It was Cato who said, "he had rather people should inquire why he had not a statue erected to his memory, than why he had."

"TRAIN up a child in the new way he should go," and when he gets old enough he will go—after the girls.—*Northampton Herald.*

The best pen wiper is a piece of an old kid glove. No hint sticks to the pen, as is very apt to be the case when the coat-tail is used.

A YOUNG lady of Anderson, S. C., declined an offer of marriage on the ground that her father already had too large a family to support.

In New York they are gathering shells by the river. The trouble is, the shells have another man's oysters in them. Hence the oyster war.

Trix Pullman Car Company have 13,000 blankets. If you don't believe this give the porter fifty cents on a cold night and he will show you one.

When your friend is married, put your good wishes into the shape of an old English saying: "One year of joy, another of comfort, and all the rest of content."

A TORONTO man waited until he was eighty-three years old before he got married. That's like running three miles to get a good start for a fourteen-inch jump.

"PAPA," said a Harlem boy, "do goats give milk?" "Yes, Tommy." "And a goat is a butter, isn't it?" "Yes, my son." "Well, then, isn't goat's milk buttermilk?"

Or course the bonanza kings want to shake the wives of their youths and marry others. You see it takes one kind of a wife to help make a fortune; another to help spend it.

"OLD-MAN-AFRAP-OF-NOTHING" is the name of a recently civilized Indian in Montana; but as he has since married a white woman, he thinks of sending in a petition to have his name changed.

INQUIRE: "What is the origin of the expression 'dog-trot'?" ANSW. It was originally applied, we

